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Peace hath her tories no less renowned than Moore.

How would the Camden Board of Trade like to have Philadelphia demand that the Camdenites who work here live here?

A duke has given up his title to become an American citizen. It would be hard to say if the news is a greater cause for distress to heretics than it is a cause for joy to their fathers.

England fixes the maximum price of potatoes—Headlin.

With potatoes at \$4 a bushel here every householder must be wishing that we had some authority that could do likewise.

New York is going into the retail milk business, but it will not seek instruction from Tarrytown Hall, which knows all that is to be known about the business of milking a city wholesale.

Some alarmists would have Congress re-enact the alien laws which were passed to protect the country at the time of our trouble with France in 1798. They permitted the President to order out of the country all aliens whose presence here might endanger our safety. If they did not go they were to be imprisoned for three years and be disqualified from ever becoming citizens.

Mr. Wilson is doubtless ready to cry, "Spare me from my new friends!" A day or two after Representative London, Socialist, had praised the President as a great pacifist came Senator Fall with a proposal to make him a military dictator like Lloyd George, with all sorts of "power to act." It is the same Mr. Fall who bitterly criticized Mr. Wilson for not acting in Mexico. If there is trouble, Mr. Wilson will be dictator enough under the Constitution, as Mr. Fall knows. What is probably desired is that Mr. Wilson act like a dictator now.

The committee of citizens which investigated narcotic drug evils will do well to go to Harrisburg to urge upon the legislators the necessity for passing the bill prepared by the committee. "We have reason to believe," says Doctor Klein, in explaining the proposed legislation, "that very few of the legislators are acquainted with the ramifications of the narcotic drug scourge of Pennsylvania." It should not be hard to convince the average legislator, for this is not a controversial measure. Senator Vars has declared himself in favor of it, and there is no reason why Penrose should oppose it, unless it be because Vars is for it.

Report of the failure of the efforts to bring about a union between Jefferson Medical College and the University will be heard with mingled emotions. The alumni of Jefferson have urged that the identity of this famous institution be preserved. The merger plans contemplated protecting in some way the name and reputation of the Walnut street college. The advocates of the preservation of its independent existence will be delighted at the decision of those in charge. Those who have favored a union of medical endeavor will regret that the merger has failed. They will be glad to know, however, that the plans to concentrate so far as possible under the University the direction of the various medical schools here and in the rest of the State are not to be abandoned and that we are to keep pace with the other centers of medical education in the development of our resources for instruction.

Ludendorff, "brain of the German army," is probably sincere in applying the Kaiser's famous epithet for the English to us. We may have a "contemptible little army" and navy, too, in German eyes. But even if we had overwhelming forces and were willing to hurl them into the scales in a few months, they would not be more formidable, because the Germans expect the war to be over in a few months and before we could get into action. What they are afraid of is our money. English-speaking peoples are bearing the brunt of the conflict on land and sea; the French admit that the western offensive is in the hands of the English army. As this fact became increasingly evident, America, if at war with Germany, would pour out wealth for Germany, and it may well be that Germany would be able to outlast us further in the war than we could.

There are a great many folk enthusiastic for French success but unfriendly to the English in this country; but this is the harsh candor of cousins. Much of our love of the French is based on the fact that we don't speak French and can't read French newspapers. We have not criticized the muddling in French politics because we did not understand it. And, on the other hand, much of our criticism of the English has been fretting that the English did not do better. News of all the great English victories has been received with satisfaction here, even among those who often "talk anti-English." Now that England is financing her Allies, controlling the seas and smashing the German and Turkish trenches, there is little doubt that English-speaking Americans would be willing in an emergency to help her in the first of these endeavors, if not in the second and third.

BEWARE THE STEAM ROLLER!

IF ANY public leaders are attempting to inject factional politics into the transit situation they would better beware the consequences of popular indignation. The voters by an overwhelming majority for the transit loan have approved the project. The speedy construction of the subways and elevated lines was promised to them as soon as they had authorized the issue of the necessary bonds. No more monumental mistake could be made by a politician who hopes to have a future than to use the transit plans as a pawn in his game. The people will get what they want under the present political leaders or over them. The steam roller is in working order. It is well oiled, and if enough provocation is given it will begin to move, flattening out every little leader and every big one who attempts to obstruct the highway of progress.

The present duty of the Public Service Commission is to issue a certificate of public necessity for the construction of the delivery loop, in order that the contracts may be awarded. Commissioner Magee, however, seems to think that it must go into the whole transit question and decide whether enough money has been appropriated to complete the system as planned, and whether any one has been found to operate it. After it has reached a conclusion on these matters it may consider the certificate of necessity for the latest section for which bids have been received. Mr. Magee has let it be understood that it is his opinion that the city has not money enough to complete the system.

That is aside from the question just now. The facts before him and the other commissioners are that the people voted a loan of \$7,600,000 for the delivery loop and that a bid of \$5,784,000 has been received for its construction. This is \$1,816,000 less than the appropriation. The contracts for the section of the Frankford elevated and for the station under the City Hall were let for two or three millions under the appropriation. But in spite of these low bids a concerted attempt is making to create the impression that too little money has been set aside for transit.

The most foolish statement that has been made came from Director Twining when he said that "the transit situation today, with construction authorized and no lessee or operator of the lines provided, is like a man who purchases a buggy before making arrangements to buy a horse."

Has Mr. Twining never had any experience in buying horses? Does he not know that if he even whispers to a friend that he wants a horse he will find horse dealers at his door the next morning anxious to sell him any kind of an animal that he has money to pay for?

The least of the troubles confronting the city is that connected with finding a company to operate the new lines. It is the beauty of the Taylor plans that they provide for a complete system that can be operated independently and profitably, if it is impossible to make satisfactory arrangements with the Rapid Transit Company. The proposed Chestnut street subway will connect the Frankford line with the Broad street subway and the Darby elevated line. Street railway men in other cities would jump at the chance to organize a company to lease and operate this system. The city holds the whip hand in the matter of the lease and can dictate such terms as seem good to it.

All these things are known to the men who are trying to confuse the issues and delay the prosecution of the work. And the citizens who voted for rapid transit improvement know it also.

Beware the steam roller!

ASH WEDNESDAY

A PERIOD of penitential restraint begins today in a world that has been in no mood for penitence—a period of humility in a world where boasters have most to say. Millions have paid and are paying for sins—most of them old men, women and children—but they are paying for the sins of others. They are asked to fast who are starving. They are asked to mortify the flesh who are dying.

"Remember, man, that thou art dust and shalt return to dust," says the pastor, but the supplicant is tempted to pass the advice on to the emperors and war lords of the world and neglect to take it to himself. Such recrimination was not the spirit of the twelfth century which saw the first sanctioned observance of Ash Wednesday begin with the Christian knightliness of the Crusader. The knight prepared for his fight against the oppressors by abasing himself before the shrine. He succeeded—for it is the spirit of chivalry that is our only hope today in the fight against the oppressors—by abasing himself before the shrine.

SLEEPING, BUT NOT DEAD
Hear it, Mother Earth, and hear it, The heavens above us spread. The land is roused—its spirit

THE BROKER'S "FIVE-HOUR" DAY

How It Is Spent in Trading on the Floor and in Discouraging "Fool Speculators"

A MAN walked into an uptown stock broker's office, selected a chair and sat down. His attitude indicated that he was a prospective customer. He glanced over the board containing the quotations for stocks as they had come over the ticker until his glance was arrested by a stock that was selling for \$6 a share. He looked carefully to see that he had made no mistake, then got up and went in search of the stock broker.

"Yes, that's the stock of the Railroad," replied the broker. "Huh, pretty cheap, isn't it?" "The broker told the prospective customer that the railroad was in the hands of receivers; that its business was practically a very large asset, probably \$30 a share, was likely to be levied on the stockholders in the reorganization plan. In fact, the man who had bought the stock at \$6 was fortunate enough to get it at the top price, and after his brokerage commission and \$2 State tax he had a net profit of about \$3.80. He was sure that he had 'beat' the market. But the broker had said that a trader of this kind, who knows nothing about the market or the stock which he buys, will lose money on other transactions.

Five-Hour Day a Myth
This is just one of the instances which come up during a stock broker's work in a day. Those who are not familiar with the work might imagine that he has an easy time. The Stock Exchange opens at 10 o'clock and closes at 4 o'clock—the session never being longer—and the quoted figures that with only five hours in which to do business it surely must be an easy life. A look behind the scenes will convince one that the situation is quite different. This is how the stock broker puts in his day: He starts for his office in time to arrive there about 9 o'clock or a few minutes later. On the way downtown he has read his morning paper carefully to see if there are any new developments which might have a bearing on the stock market. He turns to the papers and reads the market reports and quotations to see if any special news has come out about any company.

When he arrives at his office he looks over the quotations of stocks in the London market to get the trend of the market there. Then if he is the exchange member of the firm—that is, if the membership on the Stock Exchange stands in his name—he goes into the market and reads the quotations are posted throughout the day for the benefit of customers and gets the orders to be executed at the opening of the market. He proceeds to the "post" where he has his largest number of orders to execute. He puts through his orders and then goes to other "posts" for the remainder of his transactions. As soon thereafter as he has a few minutes to spare he gets into communication with his broker, reporting the transactions and the office in turn notifies the customer. The office gives him any new orders and he goes over the book and the brokers fail to settle in the day he reports gossip and rumors he picks up on the floor.

As business in stocks is carried on by word of mouth, nothing more than a nod of the head or a sign by telephone, the transaction involving hundreds of dollars and sometimes thousands, it can be understood that he must know his fellow brokers and the market very well. He must recognize a fellow broker immediately. He must have a good voice, make himself easily understood and his hearing must be good. He must have skill and judgment, and a sharp eye. He must be able to sell a share, and this means much to a customer, who is buying, say, "at the market."

What a Broker Must Know
A memorandum of each transaction is kept by the broker, and at the end of the day these memoranda are made up on a slip of paper called a "book of the day." This is compared with a similar one of another broker who has bought or sold. If the slips compare, then the transaction goes through, but in the event of a discrepancy the brokers fail to settle in the whole thing is placed in the hands of a special committee composed of members of the exchange, and the committee's decision is final.

The broker must keep himself informed on earnings of different corporations—railroads, industrials and utilities—the rate of dividend being paid, the return on the investment to the buyer, the possibility of change in the dividend rate, the present market quotations, the supply of stock and the demand from buyers, whether any stock has been deposited for sale, and if so, the terms of present holders of stock and the advantages pertaining thereto, whether negotiations are on for the consolidation of a number of companies, how such consolidation would affect the stock of the different companies; and as much of the business, the greater part, in fact, is done on borrowed money, he must keep in mind the collateral of a deposit for the loan. In addition to keeping informed on the stocks which sell every day, known as the "actives," he must keep the market for inactive issues. He must know also the general market for bonds and how wheat, cotton and coffee are selling.

Bonds and the commodities are handled by other members of the firm, and each one by one side has a separate department for bonds. When the Stock Exchange closes at 3 o'clock he returns to his office and writes a summary of the action of the market for the day. He sees that all of his transactions go through without a hitch, and while he has a staff of clerks to do the clerical work, yet he keeps a watchful eye to see that everything is running smoothly.

All of these things are the broker's stock in trade, and in order to keep his business he must give his customers good advice. A broker is always ready to give advice. That, too, is part of his work. When the conditions do not favor a purchase of stock, the broker, if he is a good one and has the interests of his customers in mind, will advise against it.

STUDENTS IN SOCIOLOGY
Why is it that when pictures are sup- pressed by the police they must be given a private showing at which those on the inside invite as many of their friends as possible?—Washington Herald.

SLEEPING, BUT NOT DEAD
Hear it, Mother Earth, and hear it, The heavens above us spread. The land is roused—its spirit

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

War and Christianity—Socialist's Assault on Capitalistic Diplomacy

WAR AND CHRISTIANITY
To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

"Has the war proved Christianity a failure?" "Yes," says ex-President Eliot, of Harvard. "No!" says Cardinal Gibbons. I do not agree with Doctor Eliot that the war has proved Christianity a failure, but I cannot agree with him in some of the premises upon which he bases his conclusions. One is the emphasis Cardinal Gibbons places upon the statement of the Christ, that he came to receive a reception in the after-world. The mission of the Christ was purely spiritual, and in that statement He had no reference to physical warfare. He made that statement in a reception in the after-world, and he broke several laws which did not suit him. Like Jefferson, he was extremely democratic. On the day he was inaugurated the White House was lit with gas lamps, and the whole nation was invited. The result was disastrous. Diplomats, great ladies and Congressmen were trampled upon and jostled about by the proletariat, who stood upon the delicately upholstered chairs and sofas, grabbed the refreshments and smashed the china, and finally ended by carrying pails of punch and leas away with them.—Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

JACKSON'S INAUGURAL
The inauguration of Andrew Jackson was attended by a larger crowd than had ever visited the capital before, and the accommodations being poor, many slept on the park benches. Jackson's personality was one to excite curiosity, since, in addition to winning the battle of New Orleans and fighting in many Indian wars, he had fought several duels, threatened to hang everybody who opposed him and broke several laws which did not suit him. Like Jefferson, he was extremely democratic. On the day he was inaugurated the White House was lit with gas lamps, and the whole nation was invited. The result was disastrous. Diplomats, great ladies and Congressmen were trampled upon and jostled about by the proletariat, who stood upon the delicately upholstered chairs and sofas, grabbed the refreshments and smashed the china, and finally ended by carrying pails of punch and leas away with them.—Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

BLAME IT ON THE BAND
Chicago's city council has passed an ordinance making it a misdemeanor to play "The Star Spangled Banner" except as it is written. If it will pass, one making it a misdemeanor to sing it except as it is written the jails would soon be full.—Columbus Citizen.

STARVING AMERICA
To the Editor of the Evening Ledger:

Sir—Those folk who say we might have avoided a great deal of the chances of participating in the war may not be so naive as they seem. The New York Times of Wednesday states such an action "would be unneutral and provocative, even if all the belligerents were in the way to avail themselves of supplies shipped from other countries." Such an action could not have placed us in any position more unneutral than the one we are in at present. The New York Sun of the same date prints an editorial sarcastically taunting Germany about her food shortage.

"A decoction of roasted acorns, rye, chicory and what not goes by the name of coffee. . . . Hardly any meat, no cheese. . . . Short ounces of potatoes a day. . . . There are some of the conditions found in a three weeks' stay in Berlin by the correspondent of the Associated Press. Every time a German citizen feels the pinch of his war he must be reminding himself: 'For what am I suffering so? Is it for victory? Or what avail is it if we perish awaiting it?' Anticipating the question, the German Government replies, 'The English will solve everything.' But if the effort to starve England fails, what then, O Hohenzollern?"

Instead of being occupied worrying about the German people, the Sun would shift its gaze from the East to the West and look upon its own people it would find a condition fast approaching that in Germany in regard to food. History must record for future generations that a characteristic of a part of the American people is greed. It all commenced when the steel trust and the munition plants, noticing that the belligerents were eating up their pockets unprotected, dug their claws in them and extracted gold in large amounts according to their pleasure. Then that characteristic which I mentioned appeared in their eyes.

A QUESTION OF CHOICE



What Do You Know?

Quizzes of general interest will be answered in this column. Ten questions, the answers to which every well-informed person should know, are asked daily.

- QUIZ
1. Who was George Washington's father?
2. Where does England obtain most of its oil?
3. What is a mortar?
4. Who was the "Lion of the North"?
5. What two Presidents of the United States are buried in Richmond, Va.?
6. What is a millimeter?
7. Compare the average yield of potatoes per acre in Germany and the United States.
8. What is an archipelago?
9. What are the morning stars now?
10. What and where is El Dorado?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz
1. The United States has broken diplomatic relations with the Central Powers—Germany—but not with allies, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey.
2. The United States has naval stations at Boston, Charleston, S. C.; Guam, Guantamou, Cuba; Havana, Key West, Puerto Rico; San Juan, P. R.; San Pedro de Macoris, S. D.; Norfolk, Virginia; Portsmouth, N. H.; Bremerton (Great Sound), Wash.; Washington, D. C.; and San Juan, P. R.
3. Louis Rasmussen is a Dutchman, now living in England.
4. President Madison is buried at Montpelier, Orange County, Va.
5. A centimeter is one-hundredth of a meter.
6. "The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street" is the Bank of England, which is on Threadneedle Street, London.
7. Zamboanga, a southern district of the island of Mindanao, is in the Moro Province of the Philippines.
8. The "Iron Duke" was a sobriquet of the Duke of Wellington.
9. The Wandering Jew is a legendary person supposed to be condemned to roam until the second coming of Christ as punishment for striking or pushing the Saviour on the way to the cross.
10. The Confederate States (those which seceded from the Union in 1861) were Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, Texas and Virginia.

The Demologos
T. K.—The Demologos was Robert Fulton's last great work, the first steam-propelled war vessel. It was launched in October, 1815, from the shipyards of Adam and George Brown, East River, New York city, having been built as a coast-defense ship or "floating battery" by subscription of citizens of New York for use in the War of 1812. Congress agreed to reimburse the subscribers to the extent of \$250,000, the cost of the vessel. The war ended with the treaty of Ghent (December 24, 1814), and the Demologos, as it was christened, was never finally completed. It blew up in the Brooklyn Navy Yard June 4, 1825, killing twenty-five and wounding nineteen persons. The craft was of wood, 167 feet long, 56 feet wide and 20 feet deep. Its draught was 10 feet. Its speed was 5.5 miles an hour; its engines were of the power of 120, and it carried a half-ton load of thirty 32-pounders. Its armament consisted of several "columbads," or sub-machine guns. Its lone paddle wheel, sixteen feet in diameter, was sunk in a square well in the center of the vessel, and well protected by a gundeck of solid timber 4 feet 10 inches thick, and the side "armor" was of wood five feet thick. The vessel's tonnage was 247.5.

Rubaiyat of a Comuter
LXXVII
You know, my friend, I sometimes homeward fare
And find the Sewing Circle gathered there—
The gilt-edged China is set out for Tea,
And all the House assumes a festive Air.
LXXVIII
The Revelations of Devout and Learn'd
Were not the Tales for which their Fair
Ears burned:
But why the Widow Smithers sold her
House,
And how much Wages Jennie Boffin earned.
LXXIX
'What without butter make a good puff
paste!'
And, 'Without Trimming, make a blue
silk Waist!'
O'er many a Cup of weak and vapid Tea
These subjects are discussed in eager haste.

Complicated Conundrums
I
WE WERE walking one day with old Charlie Putnam, when, after a few moments of deep thought, he asked us, "Did you see that sign on the dairy back there?" We turned and looked. "That 'Gilt-Edged Butter'?" we asked.

"Yes, that's it," he replied. "Now what's the difference between that advertised produce and this curb running around here by the entrance to the sewer?" We observed the curb closely. It was one of those concrete things faced with a steel band. We admitted our ignorance as to the difference between the two. "That gave Charlie his chance. 'One' he said, 'is gilt-edged butter and the other is built-up gutter.'"

Answer to Yesterday's Puzzle
IT WOULD be a tie if it were a straight-away race, but in running to the stake and back (75 yards) each half of the race would be 112 1/2 feet, and the dog would be compelled to make 22 leaps to the stake, and the same number of returning, which would be 44 leaps of 5 feet each, so the dog goes 220 feet in all, a waste of 5 feet. The cat would go over and back in 78 leaps, which would call for 156 feet, so Tabby wins the race by 36 feet.

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Tom Daly's Column

Only a five-foot-five;
Tiny! but man alive,
Ten-foot-ten in a scrap!
This is the lad
We thought we had,
Held in leash, for the Jap,
Or for the German chap;
Loved him and called him "Fred,"
Laureled his noisy head,
Cheered his noisy name on high—
But now he is lying dead,
And, Lord, what a death to die!

End that a clerk might plan
Come to a fighting man;
This was his doom, you say—
Merely a feat
Of the gods, at best,
Flung at our heads,—but nay!
This was the soldier's way,
Duty, and come what may,
Duty and work began
Well and perfectly done,
Garners the crown on high,
Thus are the laurels won
And, Lord, what a death to die!

EX-PRESIDENT TAFT, having enrolled himself for military duty, giving as his qualifications his ability to swim, to drive a team, to run an auto and to ride a horse. We feel our own patriotic goose riving. We can swim, but the three other accomplishments of the big man we haven't yet mastered. We can cook breakfast food and make hot cakes and waffles and such like. We are probably most fit for the infantry, for we know how to pin things on to them without sticking them or ourself.

PROVING UNSUBULAR NOVELTIES SONES
DEAR Tom—I ran across the following in "Swift's Polite Conversation Dialogue" (published in 1735):
"I swear she's no chicken; she's on the wrong side of thirty if she be a day."
EDGAR.

ADD FAMOUS TRIPLET
The Game, the Flesh and the Devil,
Game, Set and Match.
Q. D. D.
Athos, Porthos and Aramis.
Three Weeks.

THERE'S a deal of good in "Pendennis" at the South Broad—good old John Drew, good old times, good all-round acting, good dialogue and one particularly good wince which may be Thackeray's, but which is most likely to have originated with Langdon Mitchell, the playwright. "Look at her!" cries the malapropish Lady Clavering, calling attention to the tantrums and grimaces of her willful daughter, "swearing at me in female!"

And those superior persons who profess to consider it a penance to watch Charlie Chaplin gyrate will do well during Lent to keep away from "Easy Street," for in that lively show the shuffling comedian is always the true artist.

FAITH
She has not died to me;
I shall not weep nor sigh.
For here within my heart
Her image I can see.
I shall not say good-bye—
As one about to part.

I shall not say good-bye—
As one about to part.
For here within my heart
Her image I can see.
I shall not weep nor sigh;
She has not died to me.

"Boy-wanted" kid walked into the other day with cigarette-laden breath, reports W. N. J. "How much of your pipe was smoked?" "An 'aw's de hours!" "You come in at 10 o'clock, sit around till 12, take two hours for lunch and go home at 4:30 a week," said the man. "Nothin' doin'," said the kid. "Youse don't want a boy, youse wants a business manager."

YOU CAN'T beat 'em. Some years ago, when the Western Union Telegraph offices were where the Philadelphia Electric Company's are now and when Joe Keer kept his light-lunch dent in the east front of Tenth street below Chestnut, we were consuming Irish stew in Joe's place one noontime when a new kid from across the street blew in. He took a stool next to us and called for "a hunk o' peach pie." It was served to him, garnished with the customary slab of cheese.

"Wat's dis?" he cried, pointing one grimy finger at the cheese. "That," said we quickly, "is a piece of soap to wash your hands with." "Yes!" said the kid, looking up at our black muzzles. "Well, here you take it an' go git a shave."

SEVEN AGES OF MAN
1. Cribbage.
2. Sausage.
3. Sabbage.
4. Cabbage.
5. Dab-age.
6. Mort-gage.
7. Garbage.

MRS. HOSS AND DOC.
"A POLICEMAN'S LOT IS NOT A HAPPY ONE"
(Frost's special in York Gazette.)
Prozer water plugs kept Borough Supervisor Jacob Crumbling and Chief of Police Thomas Harris up until about 12 o'clock Monday night, when they were called to a fire. Officer Harris and Supervisor Crumbling were just about particular hard fire to get going. After it had been burning brightly and telling on the ice they hurried away for more wood. After loading up and were busy kicking the glowing embers around and stamping on them. By the time they arrived on the scene the men had undone their work and were about to depart, satisfied that a conflagration was averted, only to be called to a halt by the irate borough official, who were thoroughly angered, thinking the work was done with malicious intent. The two men turned out to be none else than Dr. W. P. Daugherty, proprietor of the drug store, and George Roth, returning from visiting a sick friend. Explanations followed, and after all was adjusted the fire was rekindled, not without serious misadventure. However, all the hydrants have been opened and the borough placed on a more safe basis in case of fire.

"And wouldn't it Harris you to see your fire Crumbling?"

ON LINCOLN'S birthday the Catholic University at Washington displayed no flag. One of the professors (one guess as to his name) was holding forth in his indignation on the failure of the university to take advantage of the many opportunities it has for displaying its patriotism and setting credit for it free to the public. Said he in conclusion: "We completely track out these days."

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